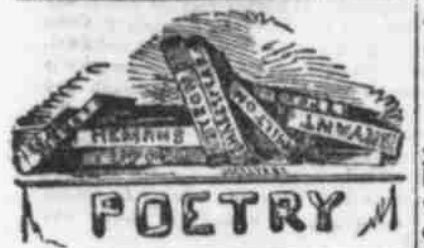


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## POETRY

## RORY'S KISSING.

BY MAC.

'Bout a kiss do you ask? It's me that can tell;  
For could as I'm now, I'm minding it well,  
When a speckles of three, with how much de-  
light  
My mither kissed Rory and bade him good-  
night.

But my mither she died and left Rory behind,  
And the lassies I met, brought her so to my  
mind,  
That at kissing I went, first one and another,  
Because they were bonnets and looked like my  
mither.

At last, would you think it, sweet Bridget  
O'Flinn  
Had scarcely been kissed when she kissed me  
agin,  
And told me a preist away down in the city,  
Would say, if we'd ask him, a bit of a ditty.

"A ditty, sweet Bridget, and what might it be?"  
"Ne'er mind, my dear Rory, but come just life  
me!"  
We trudged to the city, and sure as my wife,  
He said a short ditty, and called her my wife.

We got a wee cottage, a pig and a spade;  
Bridget sickened; we hired her sister for maid;  
The maid I was kissing, when, true as y'e're  
there,  
I felt the cold devil a pulling my hair.

"Begone, you cold villain!" I yelled in af-  
right,  
And soon 'o' turned round to be getting a sight  
What did I discover? Instead of an elf,  
Sweet Bridget O'Flinn there just herself.

"O, Rory!" she blubbered, still pulling away,  
"But kissing is my heart w'd yer conduct to day;  
A kiss my sister will'm in my bed,  
Nor able to rise from the pillow my head!"

"Troth! my Bridget," says I, "perhaps ye can  
mind  
When ye to the kissing were greatly inclined,  
Ye kissed me, and kissed me at Donnybrook  
fair,  
And now by the jabsers ye're pulling my hair,  
Begone! ye cold fool, w'd a rumpus like this,  
I'm only a LARNING YER SISTER TO KISS!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

The following beautiful Arabian legend is  
copied from the 'Voice of Jacob.'  
The site occupied by the temple of Sol-  
omon was formerly a cultivated field, pos-  
sessed in common by two brothers. They  
lived together, however, in the greatest  
harmony possible, cultivating the property  
they had inherited by their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The  
two brothers bound up their sheaves, made  
two equal stacks of them, and left them on  
the field. During the night the unmar-  
ried brother was struck with an excellent  
thought. 'My brother,' said he to himself,  
has a wife and children to support; it is  
just that my portion of the harvest should  
be as large as his! Upon this he arose;  
took from his stack several sheaves, which  
he added to those of his brother; and this  
he did with as much secrecy as if he had  
been committing an evil action, in order  
that his offering might not be rejected!

On the same night the other brother  
awoke and said to his wife: 'My brother  
lives without a companion; he has none to  
assist him in his labor nor to reward him  
in his toil; and his God has bestowed on me  
a wife and children; it is not right that we  
should take from our common field as  
many sheaves as he since we have already  
more happiness than he has—domestic  
happiness. If you consent, we shall, by  
adding secretly a number of sheaves to his  
stack, by way of compensation, and without  
his knowledge, see his portion of the har-  
vest increased.' The object was ap-  
proved, and immediately put in execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers  
went into the field, and were much sur-  
prised at seeing the stacks still equal. Dur-  
ing several successive nights the same con-  
trivance was repeated on each side; for each  
kept adding to his brother's store, and the  
stacks always remained the same. But one  
night, both having sentinels to divine into  
the cause of this miracle, they met, each  
bearing the sheaves mutually designed for  
the other. It was elucidated, and they  
rushed into each other's arms, each great-  
ful to Heaven for having such a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where  
so good an idea had simultaneously occur-  
ed to the two brothers, with so much  
perspicacity must have been acceptable to  
God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it,  
there to erect the house of the Lord.—  
Lamarina.

An Irishman addicted to telling  
strange stories, said he saw a man behead-  
ed with his hand tied behind him, who  
directly picked up his head and put it on  
his shoulders in the proper place. "Ha,  
ha, ha!" laughed a bystander, "how  
could he pick up his head when his hands  
were tied behind him?" "An' sure what  
a fool ye are!" said Pat, "an' couldn't he  
pick it up w'd his teeth! To call Nick  
w'd yer botheration!"

Why is an infant like a diamond?  
Ans.—Because it is a dear little thing.

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## INTERESTING TALE.

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

The Egyptian story or legend of the  
young Sheikh Hussein, is one of those  
beautiful bits of Eastern fiction that are  
well worthy of preservation. We give it  
entire:

There is a moment in every man's ex-  
istence on which turns his future destiny.  
There are many such moments, for ofttimes  
life hangs on a single thread, and if the  
thread is not cut, it requires but a touch  
to change the whole direction of the fu-  
ture. But in every man's life there is at  
least one, and in that of young Hussein  
it occurred thus:

It was not often in those days that tra-  
velers crossed the great desert. Few Eu-  
ropeans came to Egypt, and fewer still  
went to Sinai. But there was a time  
when Hussein was called to Cairo to meet  
a noble party of western travelers, a gen-  
tleman and two ladies, who were making  
a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land,  
and who wished his protection in crossing  
the desert. He saw but the gentleman,  
and readily engaged to perform the de-  
sired service.

It was not until the party had left the  
Birket el Haj that he had met them where  
they were encamped by moonlight on the  
sand that stretches away to Suex. As he  
sprang from his mare before the tent door,  
he was startled by such a vision as he had  
never before seen, but thought he had  
dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was a slight, fair, and in the moon-  
light, pale as a creature of dreams. Was  
this one of the hours of his fabled para-  
dise? There was no spot in all the heav-  
en of Mahomet fit for an angel like  
this. Away! like the sand on a whirl-  
wind, like the clouds before the sun, like  
the stars at daybreak—away swept all his  
faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheikh  
Hussein was an idolater, worshipping, as  
a thousand greater than him have done,  
the beauty of a woman. Perhaps he  
might have quenched his thirst for the un-  
known at some other fountain; but this  
was enough now. He had found that  
wherever to fill the void, and he was con-  
tent.

Love was a new emotion—a sensation  
he had never before experienced; and it  
satisfied him. Did she love him! That  
was a question which had never occurred  
to him. What did he care for that? He  
was looking for employment for his own  
soul, and he had found it, and that was  
enough.

The tradition goes on to describe his  
long crossing of the desert—how he flung  
among the hills of Sinai, how he led  
them by Akaba and Petra, and detained  
them many weeks at the city of Rock;  
how the fair English girl faded slowly  
away, for she was dying when she came to  
Egypt; and how weary, well nigh dead,  
he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched  
her tent by the mountain of Aecousion.

And all this time he watched over her with  
the zealous care of a father or a brother,  
and the quick heart of the lady saw it and  
understood it all. And sometimes he  
would try in broken words to tell her of  
his old belief, and his ideas of immortality,  
and she would read in his hearing sublime  
promises and glorious hopes that were in  
a language he knew nothing of, but which  
he half understood from her uplifted eye  
and countenance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye!  
He worshipped nothing else on earth or  
in heaven.

It was noon of the night under the walls  
of Jerusalem; and in the white tent close  
by the hill on which the last footsteps of  
the ascending Lord left their hallowing  
touch, an English girl was waiting his bid-  
ding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground,  
lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from  
them a little way, their chief, silent, mo-  
tionless, to all that was earthly, dead. A  
low voice within the tent broke the still-  
ness of the night, but he did not move.

A voice was uttering again those words,  
of which the sound has become to him  
more familiar already, the Christian's  
prayer.

"Sheik Hussein!"  
He sprang to his feet. It was her voice,  
faint, low, but silvery. The tent door  
was thrust aside, and as a hand motioned  
him to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushion, her head lifted  
somewhat from the pillow by the arms of  
her sister; her sister who spoke the lan-  
guage of the desert, well, stood beside her  
as the young Sheikh approached. His  
cocoa was gathered around his head; only  
his dark eyes flashing gloriously was visible.

She looked up into it and whispered: he  
half understood her before the words came  
through her sister's lips, as she told him  
the story of Calvary and Christ, and the  
cloud that received the King and Savior  
returning to His throne.

It were vain to say that he understood  
all this. He only knew that she was tel-  
ling him of his hope long to be above  
him, above the world, above the sky; and  
his active but bewildered mind wrought  
all this with his ancient traditions, and hav-  
ing long ago rejected the creed that did  
not teach him she was immortal, as he fell  
back on the idea that the immortals had  
somewhat to do with the stars: as he lay  
down on the ground close by the side of  
the tent, listening from every sound from  
within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith, and  
watched the passing of the hosts of the  
night until she died. There was a rustling  
of garments, a voice of inexpressible  
sweetness suddenly issued a low, soft sigh,  
the expiration of a saint; and at that in-  
stant, far in the depths of meridian blue,  
a clear star flashed on his eye for the first  
time, its silver radiance, and he believed  
that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there  
was on the desert, near the group of palm  
trees, and the lonely spring, a small turret  
built of stone, brought a long distance,  
stone by stone, on camels. And in this  
turret, or on its summit, lived a good, wise  
man, beloved of all the tribes, and espe-  
cially followed by his own immediate tribe,  
who with him rejected Mohammed, and  
worshipped an unknown God, through the  
medium of the stars, and especially one  
star, which he had taught them to revere  
above all others.

And at length there came a night when  
the wind was abroad on the desert, and  
the voice of the desert was fierce and ter-  
rible. But high over all the sand hills,  
and over the whirling storms of sand, se-  
date, calm, majestic, the immutable stars  
were looking down on the plain, and an  
old man on his tower beheld them, and  
went forth on the wind to search their in-  
finite distances.

That night, with the tradition, another  
star flashed out of heaven, besides the star  
that the Arabs worshipped, and the Sheikh  
Hussein was young again in the heaven  
of his beloved.

Let us leave him to the mercy of his  
tradition, nor seek to know whether he  
reached that blessed abode.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

## A LESSON TO A SCOLDING WIFE.

A little girl witnessing the perplexity of  
her mother on a certain occasion when her  
fortitude gave way under severe trial,  
said:

"Mother, does God ever fret and scold?"  
The query was so abrupt and startling  
that it arrested the mother's attention  
with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that  
question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you  
used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I  
was little—and I should like to know if  
he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."  
"Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding  
always makes me feel so bad, even if it's  
me in fault. I don't think I could love  
God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her  
simple child. Never had she heard so for-  
cible a lecture on the evils of scolding.—  
The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart,  
and she turned away from the innocent  
face of her little one to hide the tears that  
gathered in her eyes. Children are quick  
observers; and Lizzie, seeing the effect of  
her words, hastened to enquire:

"Why did you cry, mother? Was it  
naughtily for me to ask so many ques-  
tions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only  
thinking how bad I have been to scold so  
much when my little girl could hear and  
be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not too bad,  
you are a good mamma, only I wish there  
were not so many bad things to make you  
fret and talk like you did just now. It  
makes me feel away from you so far, like  
I could not come near you as I can when  
you smile and are kind; and oh, I some-  
times fear I shall be put off so far I never  
can get back again."

"O, Lizzie, don't say that," said the  
mother unable longer to repress the tears  
that had been struggling to her eyes.—  
The child wondered what could so effect  
his parent, but instinctively feeling it was  
a case requiring sympathy, she reached up  
and laid her little arms about her mother's  
neck and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry?"

"Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can  
tell," replied the parent, clasping the child  
to her bosom. "And I will try never to  
scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near  
to you when you don't scold; and you  
know, mother, I want to love you so  
much."

This was an excellent lesson, and the  
mother felt the force of that passage of  
scripture—"Out of the mouths of babes  
have I ordained strength." She never scolded  
again.

IRREGULAR VERBS.—A little French-  
man who had been taking English lessons,  
on a voyage, from a fellow passenger,  
complained much of the difficulties of cur-  
riculum. "For instance," says he, "to verb  
to go. Did one ever see such verb?"

And with the utmost gravity he read  
from a sheet of paper.

"I go."  
"Thou departest."  
"He cleared out."  
"We cut stick."  
"Ye or you made tracks."  
"They absquatulated."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! what disgre-  
gar verbs you have in your language!"

## A CATEGORICAL ANSWER.

At the last session of the Circuit Court,  
held at Mason, Ingham county, several  
young men were examined for admission  
to the practice of law. One of the exam-  
ining committee was Mr. O. B., a prom-  
inent local politician. During the exam-  
ination the following scene occurred:

Mr. B. "Mr. B., can you give me an  
instance of law with a total absence of  
equity?"

Mr. R. "Yes, sir."  
What is it, sir?  
"The Fugitive Slave Law!"  
Mr. B. was satisfied.

"O, Mary, Mary, my heart is break-  
ing!"

"Is it, indeed, Mr. Closefit? so much the  
better for you, sir."

"Why so, my idyl?"  
"Because, when it is broken out-and-out,  
you can tell the pieces for gun-flints."

A SPECIMEN OF A DEMOCRATIC  
POLITICIAN.—GARDNER FUR-  
NESS.

Below is a picture of that miserable ex-  
cessiveness of humanity, Gardner Furness.  
This is the man Mr. Pierce thought fit to  
occupy the position of Secretary to the  
Legation at the Hague.

From the N. Y. Police Gazette, Nov. 7.

Gardner Furness, the subject of this  
sketch, who figures so conspicuously in the  
Woodman habeas corpus case, is well  
known about town as a fancy man. In  
appearance he is a perfect fool. He is well  
dressed, not only in this country, but also  
on the continent of Europe, where he  
boasts of having made much greater con-  
quests than the one in question; indeed,  
he talks lightly of the scrape, and looks  
upon it as a small affair. He is very showy  
and dandy in his dress, and never fails at  
night, before retiring, to put his pantaloons  
in a stretcher. This is to keep them in  
shape. He does the same with his boots;  
as soon as they are taken off, they are boot-  
stroked during the night, and to give his  
boots a high instep, it has an extra pad of  
leather. This gives his feet a pretty shape,  
which, with his small hands, he considers  
his great forte. He imagines that they are  
truly captivating.

Furness was at one time the fancy man  
of Kate Hastings; but his friends tried to  
break up the intimacy existing between them,  
and obtained for him the position of  
Secretary to the Legation at the Hague.—  
While at the Hague he wrote a number of  
letters to Kate of a very affectionate char-  
acter. Here we lose sight of him for a  
short time.

When Furness returned from Europe he  
went to New Orleans, where he first be-  
came acquainted with Mrs. Woodman, at  
the St. Louis Hotel. They had a difficult  
at a soiree given at this house, and the  
proprietor ordered Furness and Mrs. Wood-  
man to leave. Mrs. Woodman was seen to  
come from a recess in the room, and  
Furness followed shortly afterwards. This  
was the first occasion Mr. Woodman had  
to suppose his wife guilty of infidelity.

Mr. Woodman and his wife went to the  
St. Charles Hotel, but Furness followed  
them and the husband threatened to shoot  
him if he did not stop following his wife.  
After that there was nothing heard of ei-  
ther party until the arrival of Mrs. Wood-  
man at the New York Hotel.

"SCANDAL AT THE NEW YORK HOTEL."  
The New York Hotel, which, as every-  
one knows, is one of the principal resorts  
of Southern travelers, was the theatre of  
his last exploit.

The husband of Mrs. W. was a middle-  
aged gentleman, said to be rich, an auc-  
tioneer by profession. It was not long be-  
fore the habits of the hotel saw that the  
fancy man, Furness, had overbid the hus-  
band in the affections of the charming lit-  
tle creature, and their intimacy had gone so  
far that it was noticed and commented upon  
by several inmates of the hotel.

Among these was a friend of Mr. W.,  
who thought it his duty to advise him of  
what occurred in his absence and to en-  
join him, either by telegraph or mail, to  
come on as soon as possible to put a stop  
to the scandal. As soon as he received the  
message, Mr. W. left New Orleans without  
advising any one of it, and arrived in New  
York with a revolver in his pocket, deter-  
mined to take the law into his own hands.

It was in such a disposition of mind that  
he went to the New York Hotel where his  
faithless better half was boarding, and  
inquired for the number of her room. He  
had no trouble at all to get into it. Full  
of imprudent security and not suspecting  
that the outraged husband, whom they  
thought far off, was really advancing in the  
hall—the two lovers had not been even  
cautious enough to lock the door. Mr.  
W.—entered as if he was at home, and al-  
though it was very early in the evening,  
he found his wife and Furness in a posi-  
tion easier to imagine than described, and  
which did not admit of any possible ex-  
planation.

Without uttering a word, Mr. W.,  
drew his revolver and fired at the guilty  
party. Mr. Furness not being hit, jump-  
ed out of bed, ran to the door, where,  
on opening it, he was shot at the second  
time, and took flight heading toward the  
hall, followed by his terrible enemy. The  
fugitive had on but a single flannel under-  
shirt, and at that moment it seemed to be  
the last of his cares.

No one can judge of the sensation cre-  
ated by this strange apparition among the  
persons hastening from all sides after the  
noise of the firing of pistols. Mr. F. run-  
ning head foremost, arrived at the head of  
the staircase, descended in a great haste,  
turned to the right and stopped in one of  
the cells of the water closets of the hotel,  
in which he bolted himself close.

"The pursuit had been hot. He could  
hear from his shelter the tumult on the  
stairs, and the struggle to stop and disarm  
the terrible husband. He, however, did  
not rely on his ears, and consented to open  
the door only when summoned by the po-  
lice, and upon the formal promise that his  
life should be protected. It has been said  
that Mr. Furness was wounded; but we  
believe it to be untrue; unless one means  
the double wound to his pride and self-  
love."

A Western editor, (what follows those  
western editors are) in dunning his sub-  
scribers, says he had had responsibilities  
thrown upon him, which he had to meet.  
His wife had presented him with a pair of  
twins!

There are two kinds of family jars; into  
one you put your sweetmeats, and into the  
other you put your foot.

If honest men are the salt of the earth  
pretty girls may be said to be its sugar.

From the National Intelligencer.  
REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

When the proposed revision of the Tar-  
iff came up for discussion in the last Con-  
gress two causes especially combined to pre-  
clude the possibility of that calm and ma-  
ture consideration to which the important  
bearings of the question entitled it. One  
was the very brief period allotted to it in the  
closing hours of the session, and the other  
may be found in the general indifference  
with which the whole subject was regard-  
ed at a time when the delusive vision of  
our national prosperity seemed to blind the  
eyes of Federal legislators and of the pub-  
lic to any prospective dangers arising from  
either former or future modifications of our  
tariff policy. Now that recent events, the  
legitimate results of past legislation, have  
given a new significance and a fresh im-  
portance to this discussion, we have thought  
the subjoined extracts from the Report of  
the Committee of the late House of Rep-  
resentatives, to which the whole subject  
referred, might be deemed of interest to  
our readers, as we are assured that the facts  
and conclusions which it announces are  
marked by equal truth and wisdom in the  
premises:

Extracts from the Report of the Com-  
mittee of Ways and Means, (Mr. Lewis E.  
Campbell, Chairman) of the late House  
of Representatives, on "the propriety  
of the revision and reduction of the tariff  
of duties on imports."

Import system of all nations protective of  
their productive industry. Our com-  
policy persistently governed by this in-  
tention.

The protection of the national industry,  
by means of duties laid upon foreign im-  
ports, is one of the purposes which charac-  
terize the import systems of all the Gov-  
ernments of the earth whose rank entitles  
them to consideration as authorities with  
us. This policy, since its adoption by the  
first-class nations, has undergone changes  
corresponding to changes of condition, both  
in Europe and America; but the principle  
has never been abandoned.

The continent of Europe holds it as  
firmly as ever, and Great Britain, by work-  
ing it to its utmost capacity of beneficial  
service, has thoroughly justified the theory.  
Her experience is its most perfect de-  
monstration.

In the United States the doctrine has  
its disciples and supporters as numerous and  
influential as principles, rightly understood  
ever secured among an intelligent and pa-  
triotic people. In the forty years of con-  
troversy, to which it has been subjected in  
this country, the opposing theory has never  
obtained a victory or a concession which  
can in any way entitle its advocates to claim  
possession of the field. Fifteen general  
acts of legislation have made as many  
changes in the details of our tariff laws, but  
none of them has yielded the principle of  
protection, direct or indirect, to our na-  
tional industry.

"Low duties yield the larger revenue."  
The doctrine and experience of the  
past.

In 1845, pending the discussion which  
substituted the present reduced tariff for  
the higher one of 1842, it was argued by  
the Secretary of the Treasury, in his re-  
port of that year, that the larger revenue  
is produced by the lower rates of duty.—  
He says: "The revenue from advalorem  
duties last year exceeded that realized from  
specific duties, although the average of the  
advalorem duties was only 25.67 per cent,  
and the average of the specific duties 41.  
30, presenting another strong proof that  
lower duties increase the revenue." And  
again, he says, "while it is impossible to  
adopt any horizontal scale of duties, or  
even any arbitrary maximum, experience  
proves that, as a general rule, 20 per cent.  
advalorem will yield the largest revenue."

This principle, which is a sound one,  
does not apply to either of the extremes  
of import rates, for the one may be car-  
ried up to the point which is prohibitory  
or near to it, and the other down to that  
which would be as nearly nugatory, and  
so both extremes may be made to operate  
alike upon the Treasury; but it is true  
within a comparatively moderate range of  
difference—that is, within any such differ-  
ence of percentage as any advocate of re-  
duction would now undertake to recom-  
mend.

The facts which our financial history of-  
fers in support of this doctrine are in gen-  
eral as conclusive as the following, which  
your committee select from a multitude for  
its proof.

Under the tariff of 1842 the average  
duties upon protected articles was some-  
thing above 40 per cent.; the average  
monthly receipts from customs under that  
tariff amounted to \$1,991,267. Under the  
tariff of 1846, with its average duties be-  
low 30 per cent, the monthly receipts dur-  
ing the first two years of its operation  
reached the sum of \$2,575,207.

Mr. Walker, in his report, December  
11, 1849, page 3, says: "As the high du-  
ties under the act of 1842 were rapidly  
substituted the domestic articles, and ex-  
cluding the foreign rival, the revenue must  
have declined. From this disastrous con-  
dition we have been saved by the tariff of  
1846, yielding from reduced taxes an av-  
erage excess, thus far, of more than seven  
millions of dollars over the average receipts  
from the tariff of 1842."

Twice under the operation of the com-  
promise act, once after the second deduc-  
tion was made upon the rates of the act of  
1832, and once after the third deduction,  
the revenue from customs rose to the an-  
nual average of the high tariff of 1828.—  
And in the year 1846, when its lowest  
rates were nearly reached, and the level 20  
per cent, was nearly its maximum, the cus-  
toms stood higher than in five of the pre-  
vious years of its operation, and above the  
average of the eight preceding years.

The average annual amount of the cus-

oms yielded by the tariff of 1824 was  
twenty-four millions; of tariff of 1828,  
was twenty-four and a fourth millions; in  
a period of twenty-two years rising five  
millions, or twenty-three per cent. The  
average of the first four years of the tar-  
iff of 1846 was thirty-three and a fourth  
millions—twenty-five per cent. in four  
years; the average of its second four years,  
was fifty-four and three-fourth millions;  
rising in eight years twenty-seven and a  
half millions per annum, or one hundred  
and thirty-three per cent.

The average annual consumption of for-  
eign imports per capita under the tariff of  
1824 amounted to \$6.28; under the tariff  
of 1828, \$5.51; under that of 1842 to  
\$5.20; while under the lower tariff of 1846  
during the four years of its operation pro-  
vided for the influx of the California gold,  
the consumption rose to \$6.50 per capita  
of the population, and under the very low  
average duties of whole period of the com-  
promise the consumption stood at \$7.28.

These facts show how much more pro-  
ductive of revenue the lower tariffs rates  
are than those which, though considered  
higher, are yet far short of prohibiting im-  
portation, or seriously interfering with the  
prosperity of the carrying trade.

Causes of larger revenue from lower duties.

As a means of lessening the revenue  
derived from customs, or of lessening its  
proportion to the public expenditure it is  
thus made apparent, by the facts of a con-  
clusive experience, that a mere reduction of  
the rates of duty cannot be relied upon;  
but, on the contrary, that the policy has  
always the directly opposite effect, and this  
for many obvious reasons.

A reduction of duties induces increased  
importations of foreign commodities, dis-  
turbing our money market by diminishing  
the available capital, and enhancing its  
rate of interest to our own manufacturers.  
The importer obtains command of the mar-  
ket, and, to the extent to which the home  
competition is crippled in the production  
of such articles, it opens a vacancy to be  
supplied by importation, and adds just so  
much more to the customs as such supply  
from abroad will yield; and, there-  
fore, so long as the country has the means  
of purchasing such quantity of foreign  
goods, so replacing the home product, the  
revenues will continue to augment, instead  
of diminishing under the lower rates.

Again: an increased demand for our  
breadstuffs and provisions in Europe, occa-  
sioned by failure of crops there will have  
the effect, under a low tariff,